

## THE JOURNAL.

W. R. HEARST.

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## THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate that the weather will be fair and warmer; southwesterly winds.

As a creator of official sinecures for machine hangers-on the Raines bill would be a great success.

Aunt Susan B. Anthony celebrated her seventy-sixth birthday on Thursday, and she didn't deny it, either.

Mr. Platt spends anxious days in suggesting new legislative bills, and busy nights in licking them into shape just now.

If the Washington revival has taken hold of the popular attention the celebration of his anniversary to-day will prove it.

The enormous output of favorite sons has doubtless convinced Mr. McKinley that he will not be a success as a first ball dancer.

The next man who proposes a prize fight must not be the least bit surprised if his mental condition is thoroughly discussed.

Under the English Government's approval of the course of the British South Africa Company lies a menace of war with the Boers.

The Morrison Presidential boom is running in a manner calculated to cause the suspicion that it is being managed by Dan Stuart.

These are the days when overworked legislators at Albany wish that there was no telephone connection with Mr. Platt's office in this city.

It is thought that at the proper time Governor Morton's campaign manager will gracefully capitulate to the Quay or some other boom which has a chance of winning.

Reform movements don't seem to flourish in Philadelphia and other Pennsylvania towns. The Pennsylvania reformer prefers to get in his work in other States.

If Mr. Debs becomes a candidate for Governor of Indiana he will hardly paraphrase his famous utterance and advise each of his followers to save his money and buy a vote.

Senator Davis inclines strongly to the opinion that the year has arrived for the Republicans to nominate some good Western man, who is thoroughly in touch with the Monroe doctrine.

The franchise which Mr. Alexander de Fozzess and his colleagues have so energetically tried to acquire for nothing belongs to the city, and the city should carefully retain possession of it. If the city would build and lease the "kiosks" which Mr. de Fozzess wished to erect, it would do a good thing for itself and for the public convenience.

A new woman's club blossomed into life at the Hoffman House parlors on Wednesday. Like all other women's clubs, its initial movement was a discussion: "Are Women as Capable of Filling the Same Positions as Men in the Walks of Life?" No men having been admitted to the debate, the question was settled in the affirmative, and the club shook hands with itself and declared itself founded. It is understood that the exact terms of the decision are: "Yes; women can fill the same positions as men, but they do not want to do so." The next debate will probably turn on the question, "Should Women Do Anything That They Don't Want to Do?"

## ADDICKS'S LITTLE BOOM.

Senator Robert J. Hanby and J. Newell Ball, both members of the last General Assembly of Delaware, and two of the four members who stuck faithfully to Millionaire J. Edwards Addicks in his fight for United States Senator last Winter, have begun a campaign in the interest of Addicks for the Republican nomination for Vice-President. They have waited on the millionaire, and assured him that if he would consent to allow his name to be used they would pledge the control of the Delaware delegation to the St. Louis Convention. The quality and the reason for the adhesion of these two local statesmen are like that of the impetuous son-in-law, who when chided by his father-in-law for desiring to leave an elegant and hospitable home, denied the truth of the charge, and added: "I will never leave you while you have a dollar."

The candidacy of Mr. Addicks is ridiculous. Delaware is entitled to six delegates only in the Convention, and that is not a sufficient nucleus to build a faint hope about. In several Democratic conventions Mr. Bayard, a statesman and a man of character and influence, failed to obtain votes for the reason that his State had so few delegates. It is often said that Senator Gray would be a formidable candidate

for the Democratic nomination if he had the backing of a larger State. As a candidate before the Republican Convention no other Delawarean has ever been mentioned, and Addicks is, perhaps, the man who, of all persons in the little State, has the least chance or fitness.

The present French crisis differs from others that have preceded it, in that it has yet produced no duels.

## PERTINENT DEMANDS.

The Board of Education has asked for \$9,000,000 for new schools and improvements, and unquestionably both are needed. But it is not entirely clear that the improvements will come with an appropriation. With this money it is proposed to build six new schools, and thus accommodate 49,750 additional children. But the women inspectors appointed by Mayor Strong in their last report pointed out that the seating capacity of the schools which we already possess, for some unknown reason, had been falsely stated, and that these schools could accommodate several thousand more children than are reported. Will \$9,000,000 improve the educational methods, consolidate the governing power into a proper municipal system, remove the ward influence of political trustees, and raise the grade of teachers?

These are pertinent questions for the Board of Education to answer at this time.

Sir John Everett Millais is the natural successor of Lord Leighton as President of the English Royal Academy. His fame is world-wide, and as a painter he is unquestionably better entitled to enduring renown than his predecessor. A robust and splendid specimen of English manhood, he seems to have been designed by Nature for a soldier or an explorer rather than an artist. But no man has adhered more sternly than Millais to his chosen work. It is to his persistent out-of-door work and his minute study of Nature that we owe his exquisite art of the last twenty years. In rain and shine he has sat the long Summers through by Scotch brookside, there learning the infinite secrets of Nature. As a portrait painter his skill has strengthened yearly, and has commanded astonishing prices, which have enabled him to amass a fortune.

## THE THIRD TERM QUESTION.

The Journal's able and comprehensive symposium of opinions on the subject of a third term for Mr. Cleveland has excited universal interest. It may fairly be credited with setting at rest forever the rather useless discussion as to the wisdom or expediency of Presidential third terms in general. The opinions of eminent members of both political parties indicate with clearness that there is no unwritten law which places a limit to a President's ambition for a third, a fourth, or even a fifth term. As ex-Senator Ingalls very properly remarks: "The people can be entrusted confidently with the custody of this and all other questions affecting the safety of Republican institutions." We have behind us no Monarchical tradition, like France, and we consequently have no need to fear a relapse into subjection to the "one-man power." The people holds in its sovereign hand the full force to correct, at a moment's notice, the actions of any President who shall presume upon his office, and arrogate to himself privileges and functions not lawfully his.

As Mr. St. Clair McKelway clearly sets forth, it is not even remotely probable that the founders of the Republic had any fear of a third term "bugaboo." Washington declined to serve a third time because he was weary of the cares of State, and wanted to retire to country life; and Jefferson might have relented if he had been urged a little more pressingly. The third term episode in the political career of General Grant was unfortunate for him. It permitted and seemed to emphasize the objection of his opponents, that he was a great soldier who had twice been President, and, having acquired a taste for political life, had decided to remain in it permanently. The cry about a possible dictatorship was a political manoeuvre, shrewdly managed and extremely effective; and it is responsible for most of the "third term scare" which has prevailed ever since.

That fear being now relegated to the cabinet of political antiquities, it is necessary to look at the possibility of a fourth nomination for Mr. Cleveland as one hindered by no tradition, and only governed by the question of expediency. Senators Morgan and Sherman express some apprehension as to the effect that a third term might have in accustoming the people to the centralizing of power, and of changing the accountability of representatives of the people into subordination to the will and patronage of the President. But the very fact that they are so alive to an entirely imaginary danger shows how impossible it is for an American President to become a dictator. Our Presidents have more power than some Kings; but they can be reduced to inaction by entirely legal processes, while unruly Kings cannot.

Mr. F. R. Coudert, who knows Mr. Cleveland well, tells us that the President would not hesitate to accept a fourth nomination, if he felt convinced that the path of duty lay in that direction. In the contingency of serious difficulty, with England, for instance, over the settlement of the Venezuela question which he raised with so much

spirit, supported with such fervent patriotism, and in which he had the support of the nation, it might be his duty to stand at the head of his party, and accept the nomination to a third term, careless alike of the sinister prophecies of his political opponents and of the disgruntled members of his own political organization.

The welcome announcement is made that underground electric traction is soon to be adopted for the Sixth and antiquated horse car lines, some of us to be hoped that some of the cross-town roads will do away with their antiquated horse cars, which are ridiculously inadequate to the demands of the hour.

## THE CONSOLIDATION FIGHT.

The question of Consolidation now enters upon its most interesting phase. Three bills which directly concern the proposed composite city are before the Legislature. The first was prepared by the Consolidation Inquiry Commission, and gives effect to the popular vote of 1894, by ordering the union of the cities to take effect on the last day of January, 1898, and provides for the continuance of all local governments "until changed by future legislative action." The second is the outcome of the Brooklyn opposition to union, and provides for a new vote by the people before union can be accomplished. The third is a "referendum" bill, which would have an epitome of the proposed charter of the "Greater New York" prepared and submitted to popular vote, consolidation not to be accomplished until this charter has been ratified by the people. The latter bill represents the cautious element, determined that Mr. Platt and his able lieutenants shall not saddle upon the great city their plan of "government by commissions" if prudence can prevent it.

The report of the sub-committee on Greater New York, adopted at Albany yesterday, is generally considered to indicate the determination for the majority to vote for Consolidation pure and simple, unhampered by any new submission to the people. The whole project has been carefully re-edited with such amendments and clippings of territory as, in the opinion of the leaders, will make it more acceptable to the opposition in Brooklyn. The Republican party, which expected to make of consolidation a stepping stone to complete control of the municipal field in this end of the State, finds itself menaced with something very like a schism if it carries out the project of union. The office-holders in Kings County have suddenly awakened to the fact that the merging of Brooklyn and New York would cost them \$1,400,000, which they are very anxious of retaining in their possession. The office-holder is a being who cannot be reasoned out of his place. Like the great Powers, he only understands the doctrine of compensation. If he gives up one thing he wants it distinctly understood that he shall receive in exchange another thing equally valuable. As the conductors of the party car at Albany are not in position to offer anything but vague promises in place of all these offices, there is imminent prospect of a combination which will endanger the existence of Consolidation, at least for another year.

Should the project be carried triumphantly through there will be a revolt on the part of the disappointed ones which will cause dissension in Republican councils in this critical year. A new Commission of Fifteen is recommended by the legislative sub-committee. The only member of the old commission retained upon it is Andrew H. Green, the veteran originator of the Consolidation idea. The Mayors of New York, Brooklyn and Long Island City, the State Engineer and Surveyor and nine other persons to be appointed by the Governor, and confirmed by the Senate, are to be the other members. This is the body which is expected to carry out Mr. Platt's policy of government by commissions for the next two years, and with which he hopes to ride rough-shod over all objections. A careful analysis of this commission's proposed composition will show that it would contain elements of dissension which threaten danger. Ardently as every friend of the metropolis desires the advent of "Greater New York," no honest voter in either great political party wishes to see it made a pretext for the perpetuation in power of a clique. There are stormy times ahead.

Charles Emory Smith says that he thinks Quay's candidacy is serious. And Quay probably thinks Mr. Smith was serious when he said that.

The political ingenuity of the McKinley "boomer," who has just been operating in the National House of Representatives, must not pass without recognition. An enthusiastic member from Ohio, rising ostensibly to discuss "education for the Indians," approached the subject nearest his heart by leaps and bounds. Congress, he said, would never have money enough to give the poor Indians a decent education until it passed a new copper-bottomed, double-riveted protective tariff bill. This assertion brought him measurably near to McKinley, and he then asked the Clerk of the House to read certain remarks of the Napoleon of high tariff. But here a Reddick caught the Speaker's eye. The trick was denounced, not without laughter, and which the friend of McKinley retired, resolved to begin again at the first opportunity.

## Sarah in "Phedre."

If I must call a spade a spade—well, Sarah indulged in ranting, pure and simple, at Abbey's Theatre yesterday, when she received for the first time in several seasons Racine's tragedy, "Phedre." She rattled herself hoarse; she ranted her audience so uneasy that they longed for bronchial restoratives. There is no doubt at all about it, and I mention the fact, cheerfully submitting, as usual, to this marvellous woman's magnificent genius. Sarah ranted, however, if she had been a common or garden American actress, playing in a melodrama, we should all have declared, without any apology, that Sarah ranted.

In this case, however, there is every excuse for Sarah. This is a week studied for her with ten bewilderingly exacting performances. It is a sort of continuous emotional concert. How any one frail woman can do such an amount of work and still live is something that seems to me to be even scientifically interesting. In "Phedre" Sarah's ranting was undoubtedly due to the fact that she was saving up her undiminished intensity for "Gismonda," and substituted that spurious intensity known as ranting in "Phedre." Perhaps she said to herself: "The nice old matinee ladies who see me in 'Phedre' won't know the difference between intensity and ranting. All they want to see is my tantrums, and perhaps it doesn't much matter how I produce those tantrums."

You see, even a genius grows weary at times. Even a genius can gain inspiration from a cup of tea. Sarah is a genius, and she must be a weary one just now. In justice to her splendid art, I insist upon calling attention to her ranting, which I hope that I have explained. The famous role of Phedre was perhaps one of the most stirring successes of her earlier days. Then it was not merely a supplementary matinee affair, pitched forked on for a solitary representation. Sarah threw her artistic soul into it, and worried little about sensational effects.

Yesterday she played the part as a "Gismonda," and the evening layers of moodiness being of more importance. The performance was, of course, interesting. Sarah thrilled. Her scenes with Hippolyte, the object of her incestuous love, were most moving, and she glided through the quieter episodes of the play with her own lamentable grace and picturesqueness. There were monotonous moments in the one-act music of her long speeches. Sarah harped on a single note, and sang it to death. But Reginald is rather difficult to adapt to the audience of to-day. Some of his speeches seemed to be actually interminable. Hippolyte held forth with a persistence that was overwhelming, and poor old Theseus suggested an irreverent command to "cut it short."

Sarah gave us a new and rather sloping effect, which in these days of Tribulation—moribund Tribulation, perhaps—is worth nothing. Her bare feet in their sandals, were made-up in a preposterously ridiculous manner. There were great dabs of rouge on each toe, and I could not help thinking, even while the agonized Phedre was invoking Venus, and writhing in agonies of self-torture, that B. C. 1253 chorists were exceedingly unworthy. Phedre's toes looked as though they had been victimized by corn doctors. Perhaps, as Sarah didn't make-up her face, she had run short of rouge for this occasion only, and felt that her toes were of more importance. With the exception of her feet, she was a lovely picture. Her draperies displayed a neck, the salt-cellsars of which have disappeared beneath a coating of pleasantly creamy flesh, and her bare arms were simply adorable. And is there a woman alive who can use her arms as Sarah does? Hers is the very poetry of the clasp, the idealization of the clasp. Her arms are two romances, with but a single aim—that of expressing the most æsthetic movement. See how she uses them when she comes, in a response to a certain call, to bow. She bows with her arms. Think you, oh, uninitiated ordinary stars, that Sarah ducks her head, and fidgets about with her hands? No! She lifts her twin romances, slowly, slowly, almost unnoticeably, plucks at the that Sarah ducks her head, and fidgets her shoulders, holds these up and—drops them. She uses her arms as a sort of a flesh-tinted frame for her head, and when she bows, it is the arms that do most of the work.

M. Darmont was a forceful, though declamatory Hippolyte. You owed him a grudge when he spurned his poor little numerous stepmother for the nobby-pamby Arielle. Of course, he was right and morality on his side, but still you felt a trifle sore with him under the circumstances, for a lovelier Phedre could scarcely have been imagined. Moreover, she looked quite as young as Arielle, and if stepmothers insist upon being unduly juvenile, nobody can blame you for giving them all your sympathies. In the interests of cut and dried morality, Sarah should have appeared as a fat fright, with no arms worth speaking of, and too much figure to allude to with respect. She should certainly have steered away from the irrelevant coquettishness of making up her toes.

M. Castell appeared as Theseus, and rallied against his handsome son very effectively. A most unpleasant person named Piron was the Theramenes, and an artificial actress called Grandet played the part of Phedre's unfortunate adviser, Oenone.

At this Friday matinee you might think that every member of the theatrical profession with a dollar in his waistcoat pocket was present. In that case, let me say that you are entirely mistaken. Very few actors and actresses thought it worth their while to go and get a lesson from Sarah. Most actresses in this city very probably think that they have nothing to learn. There is not a man or woman in the theatres of New York who could not advantageously attend a Bechard performance. Sarah is the result of years of conscientious study and incessant work, backed up by genius. I saw Mrs. Leslie Carter in a box, drinking in Sarah's glories. There's a woman who is not afraid of accepting a hint. There is a woman who, owning a spark of greatness herself, tries to fan it into vigorous life at Sarah's feet. Mrs. Agnes Booth was also there, less anxious, perhaps, to learn than to enjoy. And who should wonder in during the performance but Henry Miller? I respected him instantly. I forgot all his shortcomings. If he only adapt a little Sarahism to his own personality he will become a leading man at whom we can cavil no more. If he could only have induced Viola Allen to accompany him!

## Talmage in Washington.

[Marshall Cushing to The Capital.] I notice that Dr. Talmage is very much in evidence in society here, and his daughters have not as yet laid aside their mourning for their father. This has been a sad loss to a little, and one of the ladies at an entertainment declared that she almost caught herself when she heard that he was in town. Another asked him how he liked Washington society, and was told that it was not worth while to go. "I have been here before," he replied, "very frequently, upon visits."

## Odd Occurrences

## Out of Town.

**He Wanted to Be a Girl.**  
 Little Reginald Cook lives at Cherryfield, Me., and since he has learned that children were of two genders, he has rebelled against the fate that made him a boy. He insists that he is a girl. Reginald was three years old when his whim first developed.

Not for one moment does he forget the false position in which he places himself, and when any one in the family forgets to humor his whim, he reminds them and they have to correct themselves. Yet all the while he knows instinctively that he is not honestly a girl, and it seems to prey upon his mind in a way that is almost pathetic. He comes sometimes in a childish way to call upon his mamma, and inquires for Reginald. "Does your little boy want to be a girl?" he asks. "But he isn't a girl, is he? Isn't it too bad, when he wants to be a girl so much? If I, if I were you, I would let him be a girl."

He is thoroughly happy when he can "rig up," have his hair parted in the middle and curled on his mother's tongs and wear a ruffled and befrilled frock. He started to go to kindergarten, but after the first few days he could not be coaxed, lured or driven to go again, although he loved his teacher with all the ardor of his affectionate nature. His excuse was that he had been "overcome" by "the hateful" to him. They had called him a boy.

Reginald is now nearly five and has had to submit to the inevitable. When the question of leaving off skirts and wearing trousers was put to him he was nearly broken-hearted, and at first would not entertain the idea. After a few weeks, during which time it is hard to tell what thoughts went through his tiny brain, for Reginald is a philosopher, he went to his mother and said:

"I suppose, if God meant me to be a boy, I might as well put on pants to-day as any time."

Now he has resumed his boyhood, but he still, on opportunity, insists upon "rigging up" as a girl, and bewails his hard lot which compels him to be a boy.

**Lanty Lundy of Lundy's Lane.**  
 Lanty Shannon Lundy, who died the other day at Niagara Falls, on the Canadian side, was the last surviving member of the family of Thomas Lundy, a son of William Lundy, after whom Lundy's Lane was named.

He was born and lived nearly all his life in the house where he died, and which was used as a hospital during the battle of Lundy's Lane, and an officers' quarters during 1814, his father's house having been burned by guerrillas during 1813. The original plot of the homestead was granted by King George III. on January 6, 1798, thus having been in unbroken possession of the family for more than one hundred years. His maternal grandfather was Colonel Shannon, a British officer, whose command was the last to surrender to the victorious Americans of '76.

Mr. Lundy was seventy-seven years old. He had been a life-long Liberal, and served thirty-three years as a Justice of the Peace. He leaves a widow and several children.

## LITERARY SHOP-TALK.

Of the good stories in the March number of that excellent little five cent magazine, the Black Cat, one of the best is "The Marchbourn Mystery." It is a detective story in which a conversation is accidentally transmitted by telephone to a casual listener. There is a practical lesson in the little tale, for people constantly forget that the telephone bears the same relation to ordinary speech as the eavesdropper has to the ordinary letter. There is no reason mechanically that one instrument should be unintentionally connected with another, but every one who often uses the telephone finds himself an unwilling eavesdropper.

Frank Leslie's Monthly is good, plain readable matter set out in good, clear type; there is no Boston pompousness in its tone, and no Baxter street insincerity in its promises. The frontispiece of the March number is brightly colored and pretty, and Anna Katharine Green pleases thousands of readers who couldn't be clubbed into reading Crockett.

The Pocket Magazine, since the syndicate sale last month, is not so good. The Brander Matthews story is not new, and was published in at least one newspaper long ago.

Here are a few words from Elbert Hubbard's "Study of the Song of Songs," a most original and delightful work of which a limited edition is printed by the Roycroft Printing Shop, at East Aurora, and printed better than books are printed elsewhere.

After marriage men no longer win their wives; they own them. And women, living in the blighting atmosphere of a continuous personal contact that knows no respite, drift off into apathetic, dull indifference. The wife becomes an animal, the husband a brute. \* \* \* That men and women bring about their spiritual bankruptcy through gross ignorance I have not the least doubt. \* \* \* An out-of-door love, under the trees \* \* \* is the dream of all lovers and poets. \* \* \* The distinctly modern custom of marital bundling is the doom of civility and the death of passion. It wears all tender sentiment to a useless warty. \* \* \* Flowers are essentially lovers' property. Many a good man can allow his thought to go back to a time when love made earth a vast garden of poines. \* \* \* Why are there no more writers who have something new to say and more printers who know how to print?

In "Ladies First," by Mrs. Dominique Francois Verdenal, the Home Publishing Company present a novel as excursion in movement, as photographic in perspective, as unconventional in sequence, as the most successful of Mr. Gunter's own works. Bret Harte never painted a gold miner in such characteristically garish colors as those employed by Mrs. Verdenal, and an intimate knowledge of the worlds of finance and gallantry in California's palmy days is displayed in the detail of the book.

## A Turkish Fit.

[Detroit Tribune.] The Sultan's punishment may eventually fit his crime, but it will probably be a hazy, Turkish fit.

## A Reform Boss.

[Detroit Tribune.] Reform, if we understand it, merely means a boss who has never seen the streets of Cairo.

## The Three Great Aims of the Sunday Journal.

The number three has a great and noble significance. In the case of the Sunday Journal it indicates the cost and symbolizes the paper's devotion to three things—the marvellous, the beautiful and the useful. The truth of which will be borne out by the following statements:

A plucky Sunday Journal woman has tested an absolutely non-capable lifeboat in a rough sea and proved its merits. What is the profession in which \$4,000 a week can be earned, without capital, influence or extraordinary intelligence? That of a vaudeville artist. The Sunday Journal will exhibit in a peculiar and striking way the relative financial success of the great variety stars, from a former Parisian seamstress who earns \$4,000 a week, down to the modest American girl, who only receives \$150.

Bill Nye, probably the most original of all American humorists, is in a critical condition of health. His letter which will appear in the Saturday Journal may be his last. Neither ill-health nor the shadow of an approaching end ever turned Mr. Nye from his amusing ways. To-morrow he will tell the story of a bad boy, which, as he truly says, ought to encourage every bad boy in the country, for this one grew up to be a man and was known all over the civilized world.

The one institution of New York that is most neglected, is the public school system. The Sunday Journal will enforce the truth of this statement. The school children are insufficient and unhealthy, and the schools are mismanaged and supplied with antiquated text books.

Dan Quinn will tell an exceedingly pleasant story entitled, "How Wolfville Died When Whiskey Billy Died." We may form an estimate of Billy's habits from the following statement: "If Whiskey Billy goes to take a drink of water the beverage turns to hair, so he can't libate none whatever. If he sees anything to eat it goes into a stingin' lizard or a Gila monster, an' Billy 'stead of chewin' on it, just stays back and yells."

Miss Johanna, the cultivated chimpanzee and betrouder of the lamented Chiko, has written a letter to the Journal, in which she comments in a playful spirit on some recent events.

Even so sedate an animal as the frog cannot resist the opportunity to get intoxicated, when alcohol is presented to him in pleasing form. We learn from Borneo that the frogs of that island are in a state of hopeless and habitual inebriety owing to the presence there of a plant which contains an alcoholic liquid. It is to be hoped that no one will try to grow the plant in this country. But no doubt the evil would soon be eradicated.

It is interesting to learn from a weather expert that fierce cyclones and other storms are born here in the city of New York with the help of our gigantic buildings.

An invention is in sight that will enable us to go round the world without moving. To put it in another way, we shall remain stationary while the world goes round, as it is accustomed to do. The simplicity of the idea is only equalled by the greatness of the result. The invention in its present incomplete state is likely to be adopted by the United States Government, and will enable it to send an irresistible force to any part of the world within a few hours.

Which would you rather be, a millionaire with dyspepsia or a poor man with a good a pleasing form. We learn from Borneo that the proper answer, provided the poverty permit the purchase of a Sunday Journal. The condition of the stomachs of many millions would leave one to believe that millions are very unwholesome things.

Professor Garner, the one human being who has been admitted to intimate social intercourse with the monkey people, has returned from Africa with a discovery even more remarkable than any he has yet made. What it is will be disclosed to an anxious world to-morrow morning.

The page about fashions, which will be of great value to the ornamental set, will not be without interest to the other. Some beautifully illustrated information about corsets will appeal to every taste.

To one man in this city the expression filthy lure is no jest or commonplace. By handling bank bills he has acquired as unpleasant a collection of diseases as could be found in many hospitals.

There is a new form of hallucination or of supernatural appreciation, as you like to call it. It is occupying the Theological Research Society and also New York Society at large.

The great wealth can save any man from capital punishment in this country is an opinion somewhat widely held. Its truth will be tested by a case now before the courts.

The bloody record of General Weyler, Spain's butcher, now in Cuba, will be printed.

Sir Frederic Leighton, the great artist just dead, had a model of great beauty. The Sunday Journal will print several pictures of her.

There will be a page about small curiosties, such as a new cure for idiosyncy and a man who is partly dog.

Another page, devoted to books and famous people, will appeal to the most coldly intellectual reader.

## More or Less in the Public Eye.

Mr. William Woodward Baldwin, who is nominally Third Assistant Secretary of State, is a Harvard graduate of the class of '86. He is a Harvard graduate by birth, but he has been practicing law in New York in the office of William B. Hornblower.

The story that President Krueger and his Commander-in-Chief, General Jauregui, are a couple of Dutchmen, is still going the rounds. It is good enough to be true, but the mass of evidence seems to tend the other way.

In all the world there is but one man that can read the translation of the Bible into the language of the aborigines, which was made by Mr. Elliot in what is now Mexico, in 1649. The man is the well-known antiquarian and scholar, Trumbull of Hartford, Conn.

A set of triplets twenty-four years old are living in the town of Iowa, Ky., where they were born. They are all well, and remarkably alike in appearance in every respect. Two are married.

Er. Farmer, of Maestown, Pa., has the compass which was used by Colonel Alexander Meade in conducting the survey of the famous Maestown and Dixon line.

Princes Luigi of Savoy, a nephew of King Humbert, is visiting San Francisco, where he proposes to remain a month. He is nominally a lieutenant on board the Italian warship Cristoforo Colombo, which is making a voyage around the world, principally for the purpose of enabling the Prince to see the sights.

## Mr. Quay's Fidelity.

[Binghamton News.] It will be noticed that Mr. Quay's candidacy was not announced until Mr. Harrison's withdrawal was completed. No personal ambition of his own could have prompted the delay, for he would have been a sure thing in the eyes of the people.

## Caught in the Metropolitan Whirl.

He was a druggist on Amsterdam avenue and he was beginning to become nervous and even alarmed, all on account of a short, thick-set, grizzled old person, who ha whiskers embroidered around the under side of his face up to his ears. For four nights in succession the druggist had noticed him standing at the corner, gazing with menacing aspect at the lights in the brightly illuminated shop window.

On the fourth night, after looking threateningly at the shop and talking to himself, this strange person suddenly opened the door and entered. The druggist hastily seized a pestle and tremblingly advanced behind the counter.

"Say, shipmate," commenced the old man, "I may be taking too much freedom with you. You're on your own quarter deck and navigating this craft to suit yourself, but she's not being run shipshape."

"What's the matter?" asked the druggist with visible nervousness.

"Well, to be open and above board with you, it's about them lights in your window. They ain't shipshape and they worry me. You see, your lights are clear wrong. Where did you ever see a green light on the port bow 'n' a red light on the starboard 'n' your green light on the starboard 'n' your red light on the port bow, 'n' you'll be shipshape 'n' at right."

"I'll attend to it," said the druggist. "Thus it came about that the next morning the druggist changed the lights in his window, and now the old skipper buys all his postage stamps there."

There is a spot in the city of New York not more than ten feet square, to which, sooner or later, every New Yorker will return and upon which he will tread, so that if any man in search of another, or any woman in search of a man, should go to that spot and stand there long enough, the search would surely be rewarded.

The crook who has fled from justice, the man who has deserted his family, the individual who for any reason has found it necessary for a time to absent himself from the metropolis, the traveller abroad, the sportsman, the drummer, the rich man and the poor man, all alike return to this single spot. Nobody can tell what it is that draws them there, except, perhaps, the pursuit of their several inclinations, and this little section of New York is in the midst of the main artery of all pursuits and occupations.

It is a square of pavement immediately in front of the main entrance to the Astor House. The man who has been absent from New York for years never feels that he has actually returned until he has pressed his foot upon that spot, and ex-Superintendent Byrnes is authority for the statement that a detective can always arrest the man he wants on that spot. If he will wait there long enough, this ought to be a tip for crooks.

The colored porter of an uptown